

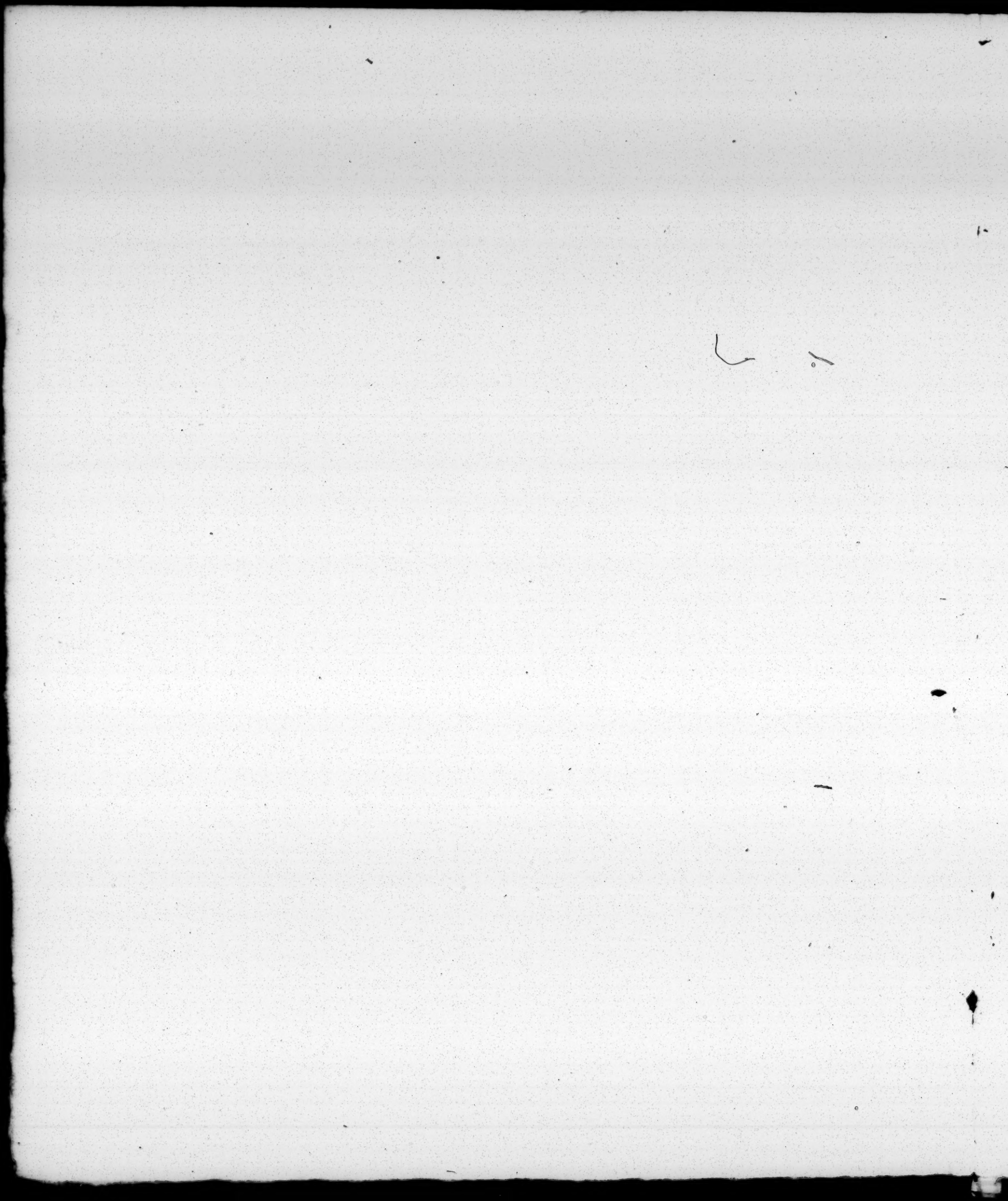


A N
E P I S T L E,
&c.



[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

Vet. A5 e. 6128



6

A N
E P I S T L E

F R O M

L—Y W—Y *Lady Worsley*

T O

S—R R—D W—Y, Bart.

Sir Richard

Worsley

— *Adbuc ardens rigida tentigine vulvæ.*

Juv.

— *Lassata viris nondum satiata recessit.*

Ibid.

For Dr. Squintum says, that Woman's not worth saving, who
will not commit a swinging Sin. Foote's *Minor*.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXXII.



A N
E P I S T L E
F R O M

L—y W—Y to Sir R—D.

DETESTED Man! of all thy sex the worst,
As I of mine the most completely curst;
To thee I write, no follies to confess,
The past I own, nor wish the future less.

B

What

What though for thee I'm styl'd, in ev'ry page,

The Messalina of the present age ;

Be it my praise, my chief delight, to own,

Of all mankind I love not thee alone.

This truth let D—T, P——H, tell ;

For them I lov'd, I *fear*, alas ! too well :

Yet when another, and another came,

The *object* alter'd, the *desire* the same ;

I strictly follow'd Nature's liberal plan,

And what she gave to me, bestow'd on Man.

Blame on, ye Prudes ! and censure those who may,

I'm quite regardless what the world can say !

Let

Let blushing Maids found once, alas! too frail,
 In blubb'ring accents tell the doleful tale;
 With words ambiguous half the fact reveal,
 With sighs and sobs the other half conceal:
 Tell the false oaths by which their hearts were won,
 How much they struggl'd ere they were undone.
 But let the knowing, well-experienc'd Dame
 Enjoy the pleasure, and despise the shame;
 Pant for fresh scenes of unrestrain'd delight,
 With the day past, and long again for night:
 Virtue's a theme that idle girls may learn,
 But fit for women such as these to spurn.

And know, that I o'er such as these preside,
 Direct their councils, and their actions guide;
 Nor deem it wrong that W—Y's Wife should reign,
 Where Vice and Impudence compose the train,
 Here G——R, L——R, and AR——R, meet,
 Me at their head, and Virtue at their feet:
 Here J—Y R—N and S—H repair,
 With many others of the amorous fair.
 All these, at midnight, met in close divan,
 Plan future schemes of happiness with Man;
 Their wishes gratify at all expence,
 And bid adieu to Decency and Sense:

Free

Free and as common as the air we rove,
And deal to all who ask, a share of love ;
Yield, quickly yield, or stay not to be prest,
And all careffing, are by all carest.

Such is the Wife whom Fortune made you wed,
Who loaths your name, as she detests your bed ;
And must I live, yet breathe this vital air ;
And must I then this name for ever bear ?
Yet, thanks to fate ! the *name* remains alone,
For all the *duties* of a Wife are flown !

From thee, 'tis true, I fled, in hopes to find
 A pleasure equal to my lustful mind.
 Long time, alas ! unfatisfy'd I rang'd,
 Now pleas'd with W——M, now for G——M chang'd ;
 At length with E——r stopt, for *he* could give
 What from *thine* arms I never could receive.
 From him no teizing titillations came ;
 He rais'd those passions which he well could tame.
 Dissolv'd in thrilling extacy we lay,
 Kiss'd till the morn, then curs'd the coming day.
 Oh ! had you seen me on his breast reclin'd ;
 Lips glu'd to lips, and limbs with limbs entwin'd :

With

With oft repeated acts of dalliance spent,
 My lust quite sated, and my heart content.
 Then had you vainly curst th' inconstant charms
 That gave me once a Virgin to thine arms.
 But sure those charms you cannot justly blame,
 For wer't not THOU the *author* of thy shame?
 —What madness W——y could possess thy brain,
 To help a Wife to an admiring swain? *
 Say did you think, or all my beauties gone,
 Or were they but reserv'd for thee alone?

He

* Alluding to the affair at *Maidstone-Bath*.

He since has sworn, that, naked as I stood,
 He thought me Venus ris'n from the flood.
 Nor did I strive, for fear that you would chide;
 The least, the smallest of my charms to hide:
 Without a blush I gave him time to gaze,
 And set his youthful spirits in a blaze;
 Not so chaste Dian by Acteon seen,
 What *I* expos'd, *she* most contriv'd to screen:
 But left to her some crimes he should impute,
 "Wear horns from hence, she cry'd, and be a brute."
 Such, B——T, too had been *thy* hapless fate,
 And such th'effect of married woman's hate.

But

But since not your's, but W——y's was the fault,
 I gave to him the *honours* which he fought;
 And may he long such *glorious honours* wear,
 Despis'd and ridicul'd by all the Fair,
 Who live in *Drury-lane* or *Grosvenor Square*!
 And ye, my Sex! when Husbands are the cause,
 Sneer at all discipline, and break their laws;
 Pursue the path which I've so nobly trod,
 And shew no dread of punishment, or G—d!

E'en B—T too, perhaps, may chance to find
 Your Wife again inconstant and unkind.

D

Ane-

Another Youth perhaps may tempt to stray,
 And shew to pleasure a more *varied* way ;
 Another D——r yet again may charm,
 Another G——m with *new* passions warm :
 Well—let them come—she ever yet was right,
 Who never sinn'd no oft'ner than she might.—
 I hate the mean, the paltry, grov'ling soul,
 That yields obedience, and can bear controul :
 Let Liberty, dear Liberty, our ways direct,
 And *Prudence* those she pleases may inspect.

Perhaps

Perhaps, in some seraglio's dismal gloom,
 Some hapless *Fatima* laments her doom;
 Perhaps some solitary wretch complains,
 And tells to heav'n alone her inward pains;
 Torn from the youth she dearly, fondly lov'd;
 Far from her country and her friends remov'd;
 With pomp surrounded, impotently gay,
 In groans she spends the night, in tears the day:
 Compell'd, alas! in horrid grandeur drest,
 To kiss the man her feelings must detest;
 Oh! 'tis a thought might shock the hardest heart;
 In such a cause myself could bear a part.

But

But, ye Italians ! whom no law restrains,
 Who know the full extent of Marriage-chains ;
 Whom dear Cicisbeos am'rously invite,
 To softest scenes of pleasure and delight ;
 All women sure might wish for such a life ;
 All, all, might envy but—an English *Wife* :
 But she, displeas'd with ceremonious chat,
 Talks to her Spark in private—and *all that* :
 And if she fails some willing youth to find,
 Why then a *Husband* caters to her mind.
 She scorns your impotent Italian Beaux,
 And loves intrinsic worth, not tinsel clothes.

Fly

Fly far from hence, ye Fops ! not worth my care,
 Who only serve to tantalize the Fair ;
 Whose joy it is to flutter at a play,
 Repeat the news or scandal of the day ;
 Tell how Lord M. with Lady C. was caught ;
 Then frame a duel which was never fought :
 Then with a face significantly grave,
Murder the character you'd seem to *save* :
 Cry, " So, Miss C— has made a sad *faux-pas* !
 " Pity, poor Girl ! her Lover N—LLE saw !"
 Be gone, I say, ye scandalizing Brood !
 And learn to give a more substantial food !

E

Let

Let other senses have an equal share ;
Nor think all pleasure center'd in the ear !

In former times, it was a crime to rove,
And Wives to Husbands could confine their love :
But now, when Husbands can't perform their dues,
Frail Nature's wants they surely should excuse :
Nor can the gravest Cynic justly blame
The working passions of the tender Dame.
MAN was a creature made our wants to bless,
Our failings pardon, or our wrongs redress.

And

And though our inclination may be drown'd,
 In the base chinking of *Ten Thousand Pound*:
 Yet must our passions and affections still
 All act in due obedience to the will.

But since, O W—y, thou hast thus decreed
 That I should be from such a Tyrant freed:
 For this one deed I gratefully confess,
 If it was possible—I'd hate thee less:
 But fixt and firm as unrelenting fate
 Is my determin'd, everlasting hate:

(16)

Sooner shall S—KV—LLE be to S—LLE join'd ;

With S—W—H, R--CH--D ; N-H with F-x combin'd ;

Than thou again should'ft be ally'd to me,

Or I again be ever —— by thee.



F I N I S.

